

The Clarret Drinker's S O N G:

O R,

The Good Fellows Design.

By a Person of Quality: 17 July. 1580/

A P O X of the Fooling and Plotting of late,
What a Potber and Stir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions and Fears;
Let 'em Scuffle and Farr, till they go by the Ears;
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can but enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
At Old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
Has no room for Treason, that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majesty please;
Let 'em damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have VVine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

I mind

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
 About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
 We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
 That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
 Come here's to his health, and I wish he may be
 As free from all care and all trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the Hollander go,
 Or Intrigues betwixt Sidney and Monsieur d'Avaux;
 What concerns it my Drinking if Cazall be sold,
 If the Conquerour takes it by storming or Gold;
 Good Bourdeaux alone is the place that I mind,
 And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of France, that aspires to Renown,
 By dull Cutting of Throats and vent'ring his own:
 Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matchés and treat,
 To afford News-mongers and Coffee house chat:
 He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
 More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
 Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat:
 Never think that in Smithfield I Porters will beat:
 No I swear Mr. Fox pray excuse me for that.
 I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
 This is the Profession that never will alter.

F I N I S.